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Decoration Day

WHEN a soldier is borne to his final resting place only funeral music is played. But when lowered to his past couch; when the volley is fired and the last tattoo sounded; then the thought is that the brother is hushed in his long sleep and that it is man's work to resume his place in the world's work, and the music is changed to that which becomes the cheerful worker's duty.

Next Wednesday will be Memorial day; the day on which to garland with flowers the lowly couches on which are hushed to sleep those who we loved, but who, over-wearied, have sunk into that coma from which there is no awakening. It is a lovely custom. It is not difficult to believe that only half the spectacle is witnessed by mortal eyes; not difficult to believe that it is watched by an invisible host that are saying to each other in whispers that never reach mortal ears: "Death did not break the ties that bind our souls together; there is transition but there is no death."

Only solemn music will be played on the way to perform that coveted duty, and our thought is that only funeral music should be played on the return march—for we are in a state of war.

As yet, its echoes have reached us, but today in France some thousands of men are dying daily on the red battle lines. And before another year, it may be ordained that the carnage is to be transferred to our own soil and that our immediate kin may be paying the toll that the mighty war is levying.

So the immediate duty of this country is to prepare to meet that shock if it is to come.

So far as our dim mortal eyes can discern, the great ultimate object designed to be wrought out by the war is gradually taking shape; it is to forge out more justice to mankind; more honest freedom; more equal rewards; new privileges for the human race; renewed hopes for the poor and down-trodden; a more substantial justice to rule the earth.

It may be that the final decision is to be upon our soil, or at least that our soldiers, called from all the avenues of peace, are to be the final arbiters.

And so this Memorial day is not like any other since the custom of wreathing the graves of our dead with flowers was inaugurated. Heretofore it has been attended by thoughts of victories won; this year men's thoughts will be filled with apprehensions of the sacrifices that may be required before the old thought can come back to us.

A year ago we were all hoping that the great controversy might be speedily settled, and that it might be settled on the soil where the difference originated; today it begins to look as though it must be our country that is to issue the peace call. The nations of the old world are in what seems to be a death-lock.

They all seem to have grasped a live wire that is tearing at their very vitals but that holds them so they cannot let go. So each day the earth is

plough and prepared for new races of men and new animal life upon the grave of a world shattered by the cataclysm.

The present outlook does not hold much hope in it aside from the conviction that there is an eternal purpose behind the birth and progress of our republic, and that its destiny is being guided by the Almighty's hand.

But we know that our flag has never yet gone down under a battle canopy that it has not finally emerged with added majesty and splendor. So it will be in this imperious call, and when the clouds are rolled back and the world has a new dawn, while there will be many more hero's graves to be decorated, new securities of peace will be given the world and our flag will shine out as the symbol of peace and irresistible power to all the nations of the earth.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR

JOHN BROWN cannot pay me the money he owes,

"On account of the war."

The cook wants ten dollars a week, or she goes,

"On account of the war."

The baker reduces the weight of his bread, The butcher sends steaks that could muster as lead,

The tailor's wool suits are of shoddy instead,

"On account of the war."

The tinner can't patch up my roof where it leaks,

"On account of the war."

The car that I bought will not come for six weeks,

"On account of the war."

The cost of my shoes mounts each time that I buy,

The prices on drugs are prodigiously high, But when I demur, I receive the reply,

"On account of the war."

And what can I do when they airily say,

"On account of the war."

What else can I do but obligingly pay,

"On account of the war."

Yes, often I wonder what some folks will do,

When all of the world with its warfare is through,

And they can no longer pass by in review

"On account of the war."

—Brattleboro Reformer.

heaped with new dead, while behind the mighty armies are the millions of civilians who are looking to our country as a last hope.

And so, at present, no one can approximate what our part is yet to be in this unparalleled upheaval that may yet affect mankind much as a geological period does the solid earth—when the crust of the earth is shattered by an omnipotent

A Panorama That Might Be

WE wonder why some moving picture artist has never tried to depict the panorama of the creation and growth of Salt Lake City.

First: The rugged mountain frame with its frown, with the sunbeams playing upon the heights and the eternal snow; the valley with its green, and the lake shimmering in the sunlight.

Second: The coming of the pioneers down Emigration canyon, and the praise service amid the desolation.

Third: The lowly hamlet taking form; the first efforts at tilling the parched soil—the struggle to discount want, the cohesive attraction of universal poverty.

Fourth: The building of the Tabernacle; the coming and going of Johnston's army; the opening of the first mines.

Fifth: The coming of Connor's command, the planting of the flag at Fort Douglas, the bugle calls, the morning and evening gun; the laying of the foundations of the Temple; the stir of a new life in the desert; the founding of new, humble homes and the planting of the first flowers.

Finally: The completion of the Temple; the building of the superb school buildings, new churches and hospitals, more and more stately homes, and the great business structures and hotels; the arrival of the first locomotive; the transformation of the streets; the building of the capitol; and the thousand and one other landmarks and incidents that have played a part in the building of this wonderful city.

Then as a fitting climax to it all, the unfolding of the spring, filling the original sombre frame with glorious light. It is all very wonderful to fancy, and surely an enchanting picture could be wrought by a great artist.

If the strolling angels who first on the Great Lake's shore painted the sombre frame and said to each other: "We will leave it to that race which is to be, and which will be called men," were to return now, arriving at dawn, and survey